

## LOCOMOTIVE BLASTS

Lew Waltz and Jim Long are running the Elkton jerk water this week.

Conductor Moody and wife have been on a visit to relatives near Adams Station for a few days. It is a very good thing to have relatives in the country where one can get a square meal once in a while.

Conductor Ed Wilson, of the Elkton route, is laying off a few days.

Supervisor John Davis, of Springfield, was in town Monday. He complimented the Bee by saying it was the newest weekly paper in this end of the state.

C. E. Lane, one of the popular H. D. conductors, paid the Bee office a pleasant call Monday.

Conductor Joe Robertson has fleshened up considerably in the last few months. He is getting to be real good looking.

Engineer Jim Long pulled an excursion from Elkton to Nashville Sunday, and we understand a committee of the passengers waited on him at the first stop and asked him to please reduce the speed about fifteen miles per hour, that they were in no hurry and had not been used to riding so fast. One old moss back said: "Look here, young fellow, you ain't running no flying machine and we don't want you to run any faster than Mr. Hampton does."

Col. Willie F. Sheridan has gone up in Ohio to see the folks.

Artie Beal, an old Earlington boy, is firing the switch engine at Guthrie.

Jack Stokes, switch engineer of Guthrie, is at home visiting home folks. Some of the boys at Guthrie say Jack loves water-melons well enough to go after them.

Business on the Henderson division continues good and the boys are kept busy day and night.

Operators Brooks and Prather are working at Guthrie. They make a good pair.

There were several excursions run over the road Sunday, all well loaded.

A coach containing returning soldiers from Mammoth Cave was on 52 Monday.

Will Rowe is a cracker-jack runner. He made the run from Hoptown to Guthrie on No. 91 in 21 minutes. The distance is 25 miles.

The pay car made its usual trip Monday and the boys had money for a few minutes.

Switchman Geo. Hooser is laying off sick this week.

Miles Cannon, a switchman in the yard, had the misfortune to get his thumb mashed a few days ago. It is not serious and he will soon be able to work again.

Operator Grasty spent Sunday with home folk at Mortons.

Dispatcher John Devney went to Evansville Sunday.

Dispatcher Griffin wants to go to Ohio and spend a month with his people. We understand he will leave on the return of Train Master Sheridan.

There is no use talking; those big Rogers engines can pick up a passenger train of eight or nine coaches and make as good time as the passenger engines.

Sain Manning is one of the nicest engineers on the road and he knows how to make up lost time as easy as anyone we ever saw. He left Earlington on 53 the other morning 19 minutes late and went to Trenton on time, making all the stops.

## DOWN IN THE MINES.

President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers is now expressing great fear that some of the foreigners who belong to the order will do some rash act that will bring dishonor to the organization thereby causing public disapproval, and yet the evidence is wanting that will show where he has ever taken steps to punish those who become law violators. When some of his gang attempted to perpetrate crime after crime in this and adjoining counties during the past two years, he was silent, and what influence thus far used by him, if any at all, seems to have been exerted in behalf of the accused. Even some of his chosen leaders who were arrested upon serious charges have been released upon giving money bail, furnished no doubt through his influence and with his approval, and this in the face of the fact that almost positive evidence stood against them. Thus he goes from place to place apparently pleading for law and order to reign supreme, when at the same time thousands of his organization are ready to apply the torch or pull the trigger, knowing full well from the past history of the organization, that the capital they command will be used in their defense. When the poor fellow of a few days ago was brutally murdered up in Pennsylvania because he dared to work, did Mitchell or his followers offer a reward or raise a finger toward bringing the guilty to justice? Therefore, with this unsavory record against the order, is it any wonder that law abiding citizens in the anthracite coal regions almost daily fear an outbreak?

Superintendent Finley of the Central City Coal Company made a business trip here last week. He is one of the few men who seem to be able to hold the U. M. W. down to reason and it is feared he will eventually lose control.

The last one of the suspected murderers of Officer Coffey have been run down, so it is thought, and no doubt but what the Empire Coal Company feel proud of the grand work done by the officers in the capture of the suspects.

Mr. Dick Ashby, one of the old stand-bys of the coke works, has been on the sick list for several weeks past, but at this writing he is able to be up and hopes to soon resume work.

Robert Fegan, who for many years belonged to the mechanical department of the St. Bernard Company, is back from a sojourn in the West for several months past.

Mr. John Nolan, of the St. Bernard Company at Barnsley, has found it necessary on account of his failing health to leave for Indiana for a few weeks rest.

While at Nortonville last week one day we visited the new coal shaft and found all happy over the striking of a seven foot vein of coal which they claim is No. 11 coal and of excellent quality. We learn the stockholders will this week hold a meeting to determine whether or not they will continue to sink a shaft until they reach number 9 vein which it is estimated lies about 70 feet deeper. The vein struck lays about 10 feet below the surface of the ground, level with that the depot now stands on, and it is believed by some that it can be struck at that depth by digging on the bottom land, so we

understand steps will soon be taken at another location to find this same vein.

Of course it is trying upon the consumers in the east to pay over sixty cents per bushel for coal, about the same price they would pay for a bushel of wheat, yet they through their sympathizers, the strikers, receive comfort and the price continues to advance until bituminous coal now sells at about 20 cents per bushel. When consumers become blind to their own interests as well as the best interests of all, they deserve to pay high prices for coal and other comforts of life, depending in a measure upon the coal supply.

Chief Clerk W. G. Wright of the Crabtree Coal Company, has about recovered from his late severe illness and has returned to his books again. He hopes to soon be able to move his family to Ilsey, where the building of a house now delays.

Foreman Toombs and crew did some good substantial work at the Victoria Mines last week in the erection of hoist timbers over the shaft. Although last week was lost so far as the running of the mine was concerned, this week the production of coal will be rushed.

Deserted by the leaders the U. M. W. in this county seem to be in a lamentable condition, indeed. Not a sufficient number can be gathered together, we are informed, to hold a local meeting, and the result is they are blue, indeed, and language not generally used by Christians can now be heard on all corners.

The following clipping will in part corroborate the statement made by The Bee last week wherein it was stated that a large number of miners from Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky were ordered east. In the clipping they are referred to as hard coal miners, evidently for the purpose of deceiving the public:

That the attempts of the anthracite miners to prolong the strike, begun thirteen weeks ago are of the most determined character, is now being demonstrated by the men in this vicinity. Beginning with last week there has been a great influx of hard coal strikers in this city, until today the number is estimated to be 200. The men are of the English speaking element who worked in various capacities at the mines about Pittston, Shenandoah, Pottsville, Wilkesbarre and Scranton. Nearly all are single. Ready employment is found by the men, and between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, inclusive, thousands of men have secured temporary positions. One of the men here today asserted that if they fail to win their fight they would not return to the anthracite regions, but would continue in their present employment. The men, however, believe before another month they will be back to the mines with all the concessions granted. In Altoona the strikers have been received with much consideration and many are at work in the Pennsylvania railroad shops, the new classification yards and other industries.

James Longstaff, who recently returned from the far west, has been employed in sinking a new shaft at Nortonville.

A thrifty citizen of Bellville, Ill., who works by the day and is the owner of a nice little home, thought it would improve

the appearance of his property—and, incidentally, improve the looks of the town—to have his fence painted. He had the time to do the work himself, bought the paint and forthwith began to paint his fence, when, lo! the walking delegate, the creature selected by citizens of Bellville to manage their affairs, appeared and ordered this American citizen to quit painting his own fence, threatening to boycott him and prevent him from getting work or buying provisions in the city in which he lived and owned a home—and this free (?) American citizen obeyed the command and thereby acknowledged himself unfit to tie the shoes of a WALKING DELEGATE OR BELLVILE. Another citizen was engaged in putting on a new roof of paper or felt. He found a couple of pieces of sheeting needed to be taken off and replaced by others. He started to do this work, when the walking delegate stopped him and commanded that a carpenter be hired to do this ten minutes' job, saying that the citizen could drive nails through the paper or felt, but could not drive nails through plank. Another citizen of Bellville wants to build him a brick house for a home. A friend makes brick outside the limits of the town and employs only non-union labor. He offers the citizen, because of friendship, the brick for his home at a nominal price—far cheaper than he can get them elsewhere—but he cannot accept them, for no non-union brick are allowed in this model city, and no mechanic would be allowed to build a house with non-union material. The only things that seem to be free in Bellville are sunshine, air and water. So far the walking delegate has not been able to corral these essentials, not that he has use for water—he always takes "his'n" in a saloon.

President Tate, of sub-district No. 1, has not yet a CHARTER. Possibly this is the reason why many of his subjects sadly move away from the sub-district and will be compelled to work—actually work—in strange lands. Perhaps they don't want to uphold Tate in his usurpation of unlawful power. How interesting it is to onlookers to see how sleek Barnaby, Wood & Co. unloaded on these miserable, hungry and deceived "strikers" the burden of the defeat of the U. M. W. in Hopkins county. For two years the victims have swallowed entire the stories of these officials, black and white, the next. The promised supplies, always cut in half—or entirely cut off—and when the end came and the great order of U. M. W. refused any more aid, in place of food they gave OFFICIAL TITLES—called it sub-district No. 1 and made the members president, secretary, treasurer, board members, organizers, etc., and Tate and Ivey and Buckner rushed about bustling with importance—and asserting that the strike would be won in a day or two. Buckner, ex-president of local and treasurer of sub-district—did he tell the brothers how he joined the order that he could give it away? Did he tell them how he had written letters, giving the names of the new members, that they might be discharged from the mines? The letters are in evidence when wanted. Let the brothers ask him about it.

Father F. H. O'Reilly of the Church of the Annunciation at Shenandoah, Pa., who has spent many years among the miners and is familiar with their condi-

tions and is interested in their welfare, urged such parishioners as are members of the union, in his last Sunday's sermon, to avoid the humility of utter defeat at some not distant date by going back to their work now. "It is a law of God and man," said Father O'Reilly, "that every human being has a right to earn enough food to feed himself and family. If his children cry for bread he has the right to get that bread honestly, and no man living has a right to tell him he shall not. The man who interferes is a lawbreaker and an enemy to public good. I know there are men in my congregation that want to go to work; they didn't want to quit work, but they would go back tomorrow if they did not fear for their lives. I say this is wrong. You should have the manhood to go back to work and defy this organization known as the United Mine Workers. It is a blood-stained organization, and will be blood-stained until it ceases to exist. It was formed to promote crime and protect criminals. Every one was happy and contented here until Mitchell and Fahy came and organized unions. These men are not workingmen; they are not respectable, and I wouldn't give 2 cents for the opinion of either of them. They draw big salaries and live on the best in the country. Did anyone ever hear of President Mitchell or Fahy doing a day's work? No, but they live by preying on the paltry earnings of you, poor deluded men, while your unfortunate families are starving." He urged them not to sign petitions for the withdrawal of the troops as if they are taken away no one could estimate the lives that would be sacrificed. He further said: "I tell you men that you are paying over money that will come back to you stained with the blood of your fellow-men. You are engaged in a vicious, lawless, undertaking, and the woe of years will come down upon you for the crimes committed in the name and aid of your organization. I tell you there is a wolf among you. You will be betrayed, and your families will suffer for the acts of the men who are bent upon violence to our people." Father O'Reilly, standing in the same pulpit 32 years ago, told the "Mollie Maguires" in his congregation: "There's a wolf among you; he will betray you, and your families will suffer for the acts of the men who are bent upon violence to our people." Kerrigan, a leader of the "Mollies," betrayed his fellows, and 15 of them were hanged. "I have seen many strikes, my children, and I say to you, even if won, the cost is too great. You men who spend time in loafing around the saloons during a strike, know only half the story. I, who go into the homes of the strikers, see the other side. It's the women and children who go hungry, who live in terror of riot and bloodshed, who suffer most. You should consider them."

### Wicked Typo Shoved the Comma Forward

A woman's editorial association had a dinner in Topeka, Kan., recently and one of the toasts was: "Woman: Without Her, Man Is a Brute." It must have been a cynical printer man who set up the type, for this is the way the toast read in print: "Woman, Without Her Man, Is a Brute." Just how much of a rumpus this raised may possibly be imagined; it certainly cannot be described.

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### FOREIGNERS' STRIKE.

"Shenandoah Is a Veritable Hell Hole," Says Major Hillar, Inspector of Pennsylvania Troops.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Major W. S. Hillar, Inspector of the Third Brigade, who returned from Shenandoah last night, gives this explanation of the situation there:

"A more God-forsaken country I have never seen. Eighty-five percent of the population are foreigners and 8,000 to 10,000 are anarchists.

"The Lithuanians fear not man nor God. They have no regard for law nor order, nor anything. They run everything their own way, and the priests say that nobody has control over them. The disturbing elements are at all times ready for trouble, and court it.

"English speaking miners are all right and have done a great deal to help the troops there.

Mitchell nor any other individual can control those foreigners. Nothing short of shot and shell can keep them subdued. They lie in the laurel bushes, which grow in great profusion there, to stone the troops.

"At first the soldiers were instructed to load with blank cartridges, but they have been supplied with cartridge now and are under instructions to shoot to kill. General Gobin is determined that quiet shall prevail and the attacking of our soldiers with stones will not be tolerated for a moment.

"Shenandoah is a veritable hell hole. Ninety thousand barrels of beer are sold there annually to the miners. They dump a barrel into a washtub—whether it is clean or not makes not the slightest difference, and then they pour in a couple of quarts of vile whiskey. The mixture is stirred up with a broom handle and is then ready to drink. Old tin cups, broken glasses—anything—are used in conveying the stuff to the drinkers, who consume it until they reach an advanced state of intoxication and are ready for murder and rapine."

### Anti-Suffragists In Politics.

One of the most amusing and encouraging manifestations of the progressive enlightenment of women is the so-called "anti"-suffrage movement. A few estimable women are alarmed at the demand that women shall be recognized as responsible citizens, and, in order to prevent it, they form what may properly be called a political organization. They elect officers, employ lecturers, hold meetings, attend public hearings, circulate tracts—resort, in short, to every imaginable political method to persuade men not to allow their sister women or themselves to express their opinions at the polls. But in doing so they abandon their own ground, and enter politics. Surely addressing public meetings and issuing printed manifestos involve more publicity than merely dropping a piece of paper in a box once or twice a year. It would puzzle the "Society Opposed to the Further Extension of Suffrage to Women" to explain why they condemn voting for Governor or President, while some of them vote and urge other women to vote for an improved school committee, and even serve on school boards or as overseers of the poor.

While working on the Cumberland river bridge, near Grand Rivers, William Mitchell fell into the river a distance of 50 feet, sustaining probably fatal injuries."